

Sunday Magazine

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The Vaudevillists

By HELEN VAN CAMPEN

DINNER in the *Maison de Shine*. The Mangles Four have just announced that Louisa's great-uncle has died in Greece, leaving her a million.

THE LANDLADY. I s'pose you'll be wishin' to move into the parlor floor soot now, folks, an' the dear knows, while them things is sad, still you kin use the dough.

MRS. MANGLE. Our sphere will be so changed that I am already packing to go to the San Nickus, where we can get a whole floor, though of course we will think kindly of acquaintances, even if we don't see them.

LITTLE MINNIE (the Child Tanguay). Gee, I'm glad I ain't got to learn no more old imitations to do in the act, an' we're goin' to live in a sweller drum'n this, over on Fifth Avenoo!

MR. MANGLE. Say, Louiser, Levy's on the wire in the hall, an' says how 'bout playin' the Chrystal in Brooklyn, an' the Gaiety in Flatbush, if they give us a cab so we kin ride back an' forth to shows all made up? It'd be two salaries for the week. All right, then; I'll tell'm nothin' doin'.

CLARICE DE VOE. I can hardly realize that a few months ago out in Omaha you were begging me to ask my agent to grab you off a few dates!

THE LANDLADY. Which also a gorgeous two rooms an' bath gits ditched for one of them hotels where, believe me, they wouldn't never endured Bill Mangle trompin' overhead countless nights an' doin' trick falls while rehearsin'.

GERTIE DE GASHE. Listen, Susy, this is only a bone with gravy over it, an' when my sister an' I dance ourselves weak twice daily we need sustenance! I want meat.

THE GREAT NAPOLEON. I haven't saw a chop served since I came.

MRS. MANGLE. The meals are improperly balanced, chemically. My children can not eat the food. Minerva is positively anemic.

MR. MANGLE. It's queer to me how the old guy knew where we was—m' wife didn't even recollect havin' any Uncle Parkins. But we got a lot of pluggin' in the papers for our new turn, an' he likely ketched the name then.

MRS. MANGLE. It seems to me as through a glass darkly, William, I now see an Uncle Parkins; but that he should have dwelt in Greece, that storied land—ah me! I shall for a time garb myself and children, also William, in Grecian robes, for respect to the sainted departed demands it.

MR. MANGLE. No, kiddo, no—not for two millions I don't breeze round in no make-up like that, an' have some cop slip the come-alongs over my mits. You kin do it.

GERTIE DE GASHE. At least, pass the turnips. A person must live, an' the meat

she brought was a mere smidge. But I bettcha when they do get into society it won't be so much. Why, those people got troubles exactly like us. I know one lady has to have her husband give the servants secret tips if they got comp'ny due, an' in their swell flat he kep' goin' to the saloon on the corner for ice, unaware that there was refrigeration in their own ice-box. All amateur rich suffer those things.

THE LANDLADY. Money changes people terrible. Susy! Cut them pieces of pun-kin pie smaller—are you an entire loon? Encore the cake if they're yellin' for more.

THE PROPERTY MAN. Was that all the pie you had out there?

THE GREAT NAPOLEON. We fix a night lunch up in the room, and I'd go to house-keepin' if it wasn't that Anna's folks would come camp with us.

WILLIE NAPOLEON. Phone the show-shop when you git settled an' I'll visit you.

LITTLE MINNIE. All right. I'm goin' to wear velvet an' lace every day.

MRS. MANGLE. Minerva, while Willie is a well meaning boy, he must learn that your position will prevent any mingling.

THE GREAT NAPOLEON. If I ketch my kid even noticin' her, I'll wale him!

MRS. MANGLE. Facts are facts, and we headlined the big small time while you performed in Nolan's Carnival Shows, Mrs. Napoleon cooking, and your son handling the reserved seats and candy

butcher privilege! So why feel resent-ment?

MRS. NAPOLEON. Don't answer, dearie. Though when we were all stuck in the blizzard near Provo, Utah, she burst into grateful tears when Charlie drilled through the drift and got milk and chickens from a farmer. For shame, I say!

THE LANDLADY. Girls, I ast you to keep this bickerin' for your own rooms! You got me unnormalled complete as it is, an' me ailin' from a cold.

GERTIE DE GASHE. Try snuffin' Flannigan's Balm. It cured my mother, an' I began takin' it before the matinée, for I know positively I swallowed a germ on the subway.

THE SLAVEY. Levy the agent's 'phon-in' again, an' he says is Mr. Mangle kidn'in' him or insane, that he didn't wish the two houses for next week? Tell him you meant it? Yes, mom.

LITTLE MINNIE. Mom, why can't I play with Willie? I like him.

THE GREAT NAPOLEON. She oughter. My kid's spent quarter after quarter on her, an', though I lamped him sneakin' it from his bank, bein' indulgent I left it go.

MRS. MANGLE. Count them up, and I will make out a check for the amount!

MR. MANGLE. Ssh! wait'll we git a few thousands from the lawyer, can't you?

MRS. MANGLE. No, I won't! The friendship ends this second! I, to sit here and be insulted by the Napoleons? And

I need all my emotional strength, for I intend playing Carmen later—it has never been correctly presented, for Farrar gives out too much—one feels she has nothing left—while I shall be impassioned yet creating the feeling that great reserves remain.

THE LANDLADY. Well, I always figgered on playin' some of them legit. rôles, pers'nally, until I got so embongpong an' left the business.

GERTIE DE GASHE. You can't play Carmen conservative. Say, dear, I found a manicure who does nails sweet for only twenty cents. No pie, Susy—is there any jam?

MRS. MANGLE. Don't take pie, Minerva. I will command a light refection of terrapin and salade Royale to be brought here later from Beldoneco's.

THE LANDLADY. It'll enter here only over my dyin' frame, maddim!

THE GREAT NAPOLEON. You notice they don't invite others to the fancy supper.

MR. MANGLE. We do so invite the whole outfit! Meet me in the lobby of Hector's on Broadway to-night, when everybody's played their show, an' we'll go down the line on the eats! I ain't goin' to quit my pals, money or not. Y' git me, Louiser?

THE LANDLADY. I'm sure nothin' could be done kinder, which all accepts, Bill.

THE GREAT NAPOLEON. Not us—still, I never been in Hector's. We'll go!

MRS. MANGLE. A farewell supper, then! I intend to be known as Mrs. Parkins Mangle, for my darling uncle, and—eh?

THE SLAVEY. There's a gelman from a lawr firm in the hall to see you, an' he says sorry, but the party with the million comin' is Lottie Mangle Terwilliger of Yonkers—she was borned in Greece an' the old guy's name was Parkopolous!

MRS. MANGLE. Just heav'n, I swoon! I swoon! My dreams—bright visions, gone for aye!

LITTLE MINNIE. Ain't we rich? But we kin make a new sketch out of the idea, Mom! An' I'll be a star when I'm big!

THE LANDLADY. Cease sobbin', Louisa; you're breakin' my heart. Poor lamb, I know how you feel. Didn't I like a absolute ninny refuse to be the pampered bride of a Mexican party, takin' that whiffet De Shine, an' the very next week found he wasn't the son of wealth like he said—an' then I went to actin'?

THE PROPERTY MAN. They're better off like they are. She ain't a bad feller when she comes down to earth.

MR. MANGLE. Say, listen. Meet me in Hector's anyway! Just for onet in a way.

THE LANDLADY. I'll wear all my diamonds. Help Louisa to her room, Mis' Napoleon; an' for pity's sake leave us quiet ourselves an' not be huntin' no fogs when the blue sky's right overhead!



"Just heav'n, I swoon! I swoon!"